77.

ON HIS Royal Highneſs's MIRACULOUS DELIVERY, AND Happy Return.

2. June. 1682.

Written by *Ca. Calle.*

SMooth as the Silver Wings of Swans, the Air,
Pleas'd as an Hermits Soul, as Angel-Beauties fair;
The Am'rous Winds now quite forgot to rave,
And Birds of Calm ſat brooding on the Wave;
The ſmiling Billows kiſt the gentle Shore,
All ſweet, like that Vaſt, Royal weight they bore;
While the blue *Tritons* on their Trumpets play,
And Troops of *Dolphins* guard it all the way.
Ride on Bleſt Frigate, *Englands* hopes you bear,
Almoſt as great as *Ceſar's* ſelf is here,
A no leſs Deity, than three Kingdoms Heir.
See, ſee, with what a pleaſing, Gen'rous pride,
The Ocean ſtops the Current of her Tides,
While on her curled Waves her Royal Admi'ral rides.
Neptune ſaw this, and ſtraight was envious grown,
To ſee himſelf in his own Court outdone;
To ſee another of his Throne poſſeſt,
Jealouſie fill his Head, and dire Revenge his Breaſt.
But do's as yet no Prodigy appear,
To ſhew the Royal Duke the Danger near?
No Diſmal Flambeaux, which Heaven ſeldom burns,
But to light Princes to their Gloomy Urns?
Ah! See, the Veſſel, urg'd by unſeen hands,
Sticks faſt, and long in vain the Waves withſtands;
The trembling Sailors ſend Deſpairing Cryes
To th' Wounded, and Rend th' amazed Skies:
Now on adoring Knees to Heaven they bend,
That ſome kind Star might on the Prince attend;
All Praying for the Prince, Heav'ns Conqu'rours are.
(So prevalent an Oratour is Prayer.)
When lo! A Beauteous Angel from a Cloud
Deſcends, and with a Comely rev'rence bow'd;
Thrice thus he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his Sacred meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
"Hail Heav'ns peculiar care! Thy Fate's all White,
"Thy Glorious Sun ſha'n't be Eclipſed quite,
"Tho' you're expos'd to all the rigid Fate
"That always do's on wronged Greatneſs wait;
"Not *Neptunes* envy, nor the Treach'rous Sand,
"Heav'ns wonderful Decree ſhall Countermand:
"For it has greater bleſſings yet behind,
"Bleſſings more Large, and Rich, and like your ſelf, Divine.

This ſaid, the Angel bow'd, and then withdrew,
Clapping his Wings, to th' Cryſtal arch he flew.
How Can dull Ideots think that Providence
Has ovet, humain things no Influence?
That all things here below diſpoſed are
By unſeen Atoms roving in the Air?
Hence, hence ye Canting Tribe, and learn more wit,
In time to injur'd Innocence ſubmit;
Say your pray'rs backward, and from henceforth be
Rouz'd up from your dull zealous Lethargy.
What e're your pious Vows, and Cantings are,
Heav'n made the Royal Prince its tender care.
Let all your Incenſe on his Altars ſhine,
Adore his Name, as you would things Divine;
Princes as Gods themſelves accounted were,
The Gods protecting them protected are.
Yet ſome young Hero's too untimely dy'd,
(Victims too great for haughty *Neptune*'s pride.)
We read of one who Heav'n did acquire,
By mounting upwards in a Coach of fire:
For theſe the Gods found out a Nobler way,
Their Souls through Seas, and Waves to bliſs convey.
But ſee, he's ſafe on ſhore, I hear the noiſe,
I heard the induſtrious Crouds admiring voice,
Their echoing *Io's*, and their joyful crys;
The loyal tear leaps gladly from their eyes;
The Bells and Guns are ſcarcely heard at all,
The artificial noiſe's drown'd by the natural.
And now the lovely Prince's returning home:
Come mighty *James*, *Albion*'s deſire, come,
Great Son of Triumph, Son of Martyrdom,
A Name which every wiſh'd ſo Heav'n would bear;
Which men to ſpeak, and Angels joy to hear.
Welcome, long-lookt for Hero, to our Soil,
As reſt to Pilgrims after all their toil;
Welcome as deareſt friends rais'd from the dead:
Welcome as Heav'n when the Soul's juſt fled.
Welcome, Illuſtrious Princeſs, welcome home
With that rich Treaſure in your pregnant Womb,
The only pledge of all our bliſs to come.
Obſerve what joy in ev'ry breaſt there ſhines;
Thus the bright Gold peeps through the muddy Mines,
No narrow bounds, nor rules, our joys endure;
In joy, there's none too much an Epicure.
Thus the bright Ruler of the day appears,
All our thick fogs and gloomy miſts he clears,
Diſpells our griefs, and ſcatters all our fears.
No more let impious faction rule the day,
Nor point to Commonwealths th' unhallow'd way;
No more let pow'r be given to the rude,
Th' unconſtant, and unthinking multitude;
No more let Peaſants rule, while Princes ſtand
Aloof, as Trayt'rous Exiles from their Land;
No more let poor diſtreſſed Loyalty
To Heav'n with her Siſter Juſtice flee;
No more let Civil Wars torment our Iſle,
Let all things with an *Halcyon* quiet ſmile;
Let all in a true, firm, obedience be,
Since all are bleſt in ſuch a Prince as He.

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